

Kid stuff

Uncle Marc goes to preschool

It seems like every time you go to a party these days, some gay couple show up with a babe in arms. It's as if puking infants are the must-have accessory for spring. (Lucky for the kids, most of their dads have pecs large enough to breast-feed.)

It isn't enough that a gay man knows how to throw an exquisite brunch or orgy anymore. Now we've got to adopt Chinese orphans, too. I tell you, I can't take the pressure.

As proof of our new role in society, the very first baby of 2003 was born at 12:01 a.m. Jan. 1 to a lesbian couple from Virginia. They conceived via artificial insemination, which, given that the state was named for the Virgin Queen, seems appropriate.

I'm not really into children. This comes as a surprise to most people, presumably because I am so childish. But even when I was a kid I didn't like kids. They always wanted to do kid-type things that, even then, I found repetitive and dull. I'm sorry, but two go-rounds of "Peek-a-Boo" and the mystery is gone.

My friends with children always want to inflict them on a party. As far as I'm concerned, grown-ups belong upstairs drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes while the wee ones tear apart the furniture in the basement. It's called a "wreck room" for a reason.

Particularly bewildering to me are the parents who go so far as to write thank-you notes on behalf of their preverbal children in the style of the child; some even use backward letter e's and the like. Frankly, I think it would be a lot more interesting if they were written in the style of, say, Noël Coward:

DEAREST UNCLÉS:

Thank you ever so much for the teething ring. It's terribly amusing. I feel positively

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARC
by Marc Acito



primordial as I sit gnawing it all day long. Unfortunately, I still drool like an amorous Saint Bernard. It's frightfully embarrassing.

Must go. It's time to wet myself.

Ta,
Baby Amy

So it was with a certain amount of trepidation that I accompanied my godson, Ian the Wonder Child, to "Special Friend Night" at his preschool. Something told me there wouldn't be an open bar.

Ian's good company. Like most thumb-suckers, he's self-entertaining. He's also bossy and opinionated; I like that in a man. But he still enjoys doing 4-year-old kind of things, which usually involve vast amounts of wasted physical energy.

Upon arriving, we immediately set to work making spin art by pouring paint onto paper plates and twirling them in a lettuce spinner. They came out looking like the remains of a Fourth of July picnic at Jackson Pollock's house. I was actually quite enjoying myself until Ian wanted to play "grocery shopping," which is every bit as tedious as the real thing.

Then it was time for a sing-along. The

teacher gathered us in a circle and led us in the following ditty:

*Alice the camel has three humps,
Alice the camel has three humps,
Alice the camel has three humps,
So go, Alice, go!*

I was aghast. Why was this camel named Alice? First we invade the Middle East, then we give their camels American names. It smacks of imperialism.

Alice the camel has two humps...

OK, now I was hooked. I'm a big fan of humping in general, and I love a good mystery. With each verse, poor Alice suffered yet another humpectomy (each accompanied by the hearty show of support, "Go, Alice, go!"), until finally...

*Alice the camel has no humps,
Alice the camel has no humps,
Alice the camel has no humps,
'Cause Alice is a horse.*

"She's a horse?" I thought. "Good God, I didn't see that coming at all." I was as surprised as I was at the ending of *The Sixth Sense*. What a story.

"Sing it again, sing it again," I cried, clapping my hands. Maybe this kid stuff wasn't so bad, after all.



But no, it was time for juice and cookies, which was unfortunate because Ian had already eaten an entire ice cream sundae. By the time I got him home, he was so hopped up on sugar he was shaking like Whitney Houston trying to clear customs.

Then, he had a complete meltdown, a torrential crying jag not unlike my own tantrums when people I am jealous of get great reviews and win awards.

But this moment gave me the opportunity to do the one kid-oriented activity for which I am perfectly suited: handing him back to his parents.

And that, my friends, is *The Gospel According to Marc*. ☐

If MARC ACITO wants to hear the pitter-patter of little feet he puts shoes on the dog. Write him at marcacito@attbi.com.

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